

Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. II.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1860.

NO. 48.

The Bridgton Reporter

Published every Friday morning
BY S. H. NOYES.

ENOCH KNIGHT, Editor.

All letters must be addressed to the
Editor. Communications intended for
publication should be accompanied by the
name of the author.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
Single copies, five cents.

Advertisements. One square 16
lines, first insertion 75 cents, 3 insertions
50 cents, 5 insertions 35 cents, 10 insertions
25 cents, 14 insertions 18 cents, 1-2 column
one dollar, 3 columns \$1.50.

Printing executed with neatness,
and at low prices.

S. H. NOYES, Agent in Portland.

DEACON PALMER'S FAMILY.

The sound of the stage-horn flowed in
from the distant hills, and the echoes among the hills
rolled up, and tossed them back and
forth through the forest, and they ran in
every eddy upon the turn-pike and over
the meadows, and across the orchards,
they reached the ears and stirred the
senses of the quiet little village of Wood-
stock, where farm-houses sat in the valley,
and a long chain of hills, like a
crescent of pilgrims gathered to worship at
the shrine of a vast temple. It was just at
dawn, and somehow, those long, mournful
notes seemed the fitting close of the
service—that autumn day which had
seen the mountains in garments of sun-
set, and marched through the hours in
sorrow and gloom, a living 'Gloria to God,'
the memory of its good and perfect gift.

It was a day fraught with dread and
anxiety to thousands of homes and hearts
in the land, for the voice of war was abroad
in the world, and mothers had strained their
eyes for the last time to their bosoms,
and men then went forth to battle, and hus-
bands and fathers had laid aside the plow and
the axe, and shouldered their muskets,
and taken their lives in their hands for the
name of freedom, and in the name of the
God of battles.

So many thousands lay on the quiet country
thresholds of almost every home in New
England that autumn day, and almost ev-
ery heart throbbed as an altar where anxious
hearts sent up a cry to God for their
dear ones.

Mrs. Palmer, wife of Deacon John
Palmer, of Woodstock stood in the wide, old-
fashioned kitchen of the dingy, yellow farm-
house, which she brought her husband on
his marriage morning. She was an ample,
ruddy, pleasant-faced looking woman,
and her physiognomy corresponded with
her name. Strings of red peppers and rows
of dried apples were festooned along the ceiling,
and a swinging-board, fastened to the
wall, which divided the hall overhead, was
laden with herbs and berries, hams,
and a motley variety of domestic
treasures.

Mrs. Palmer's life had slipped over its
thread of time, and her black hair was
tinged with grey, and there were lines
in her forehead, and the smile in her faded
eyes had something sorrowful about it,
but Mrs. Palmer had walked with grief many
years, and of the ten fair boys and girls
who had been gathered to her maternal
bosom, only two remained to her old age.—
The small family under the roof of the
house, the homestead on earth, but a larger one
in the golden, upper homestead, whose bless-
edness is never darkened by the shadow
of death.

Mrs. Palmer paused as she caught the
faint echoes of the stage-horn, and she
deposited half a dozen freshly-fried
potatoes in the pan on the table, murmur-
ing to herself, 'Now, for all the world, if
the mail coming in! Who knows
what there may be news from Reuben?'
You had heard how her voice lingered
on the name, you would have known
that it was his mother.

Wonder if that boy'll take any sort of
notice of himself? continued the fond mother,
contemplating several strips of
bacon, and placing them in the large iron
pan, which hung over the fire, filled with
oil, which indignantly snuffed and
spluttered at their intrusion.

There was a fray, he'd be sure to be
for he always was poking his head
into a sort of danger, and never seemed
quite so content as when there was a
bit of getting his neck off his shoulders.
Never could exactly see where he got
his scarred turn, for his father was
a sober-minded man; but it was
not how he'd be sure to come out
of it. I never had an easy hour for the
last years of his life, for fear he'd be
lost home with broken limbs; but after
he was through with what would a killed a
child, I kind of gave up.

My brave, handsome boy
was my mother's cross word in the
world, and I saw the tears a shinin' under
his eyes that morning, when he kissed me

good-bye, afore he started for the army, though
he talked so bold and cheery about his com-
ing back a cap'n or a colonel.

'Poor fellow! I hope he won't get the
rheumatism campin' out nights, and they say
they have to put up with fare such as we
wouldn't have the face to offer to a smart
dog. I wish I could do up a paper o' these
doughnuts for the boy, he always was fond of
'em. Dear me! them cakes are burnin'—
dipping her large tin ladle into the boiling
fat; 'but it always frustrates me when I get
to thinkin' o' Reuben. I'm reminded some-
times o' what Parson Hunter said to me;

'Mrs. Palmer you musn't make an idol of
your son. He belongs to the Lord.' I know
it's true as Scripture, but I can't help think-
in' the Lord'll show mercy on my weakness,
cos he's all I've got, and after a great many
struggles I've given up the others to Him;
but my very life's bound up in that boy,
and if any think should happen to him,
God knows it would break his poor old moth-
er's heart.' And Mrs. Palmer broke down
here, and she sat down on the old oaken
chest, and wiped her eyes on the corner of
her check apron.

Light warblings of some old psalm-tune
fluttered down the staircase, and then the
door opened, and a pleasant-looking girl
burst into the room.

Rebecca Palmer was twenty-two, and the
sight of her bright, young face was like a
picture rejoicing the eyes. She was not beau-
tiful, but her cheeks were full of the glow
of youth, and the richness of perfect health.

'Well, child,' said Mrs. Palmer, taking her
kettle from the crane, 'you jest bustle round
spry, and get up supper. Your father and
the men will come home clear tuckered out,
for they've been fellin' trees all day, and
we must get a hearty meal for 'em. You
slice up some ham, too, and fry a dozen
eggs, while I fix up some short cake.'

'Mother, did you hear the stage-horn?'
asked Rebecca, as she laid the cloth she had
spun with her own hands, for the supper.

'Yes; and I was kind of impressed there
was news from Reuben.'

'I wonder what keeps father so?' remark-
ed Rebecca.

'Likely as not he's gone round to the tav-
ern, to learn if there's any tidings from the
army.'

Another half-hour throbbed itself away
in the pulses of the great old-fashioned clock
in the corner, and both the women had be-
gan to grow alarmed at the deacon's pro-
longed absence, when they caught the click
of the gate-latch, and his heavy tread along
the foot-path.

They saw him stop, as usual, at the wood-
en trough at the well, and wash his hands
there, and then he came into the kitchen.

'Why, father,' began Mrs. Palmer, with a
little wifely admonition, 'what has kept you
so long? I really began to get scared about
you.'

'And the supper's about burnt to cinders,'
added Rebecca, who was in something of a
hurry to get the table cleared in time for
singing-school.

The deacon was a square-built, sun-brown-
ed man, with shaggy eyebrows and weather-
beaten face. He came toward the table with
a slow, grouping movement, which neither
of the preoccupied women noticed, and he
cleared his throat twice before he spoke.

'I was detained a spell on some matter of
my own,' and Mrs. Palmer and Rebecca at
once concluded that he alluded to some bar-
gain with a neighbor.

'Don't you see the chair there, father?'—
asked Rebecca; for the old man stood still
as a statue before the table, though his
daughter had just placed his seat at his el-
bow, and now he sat down without speaking
a word.

'Why, husband, I do believe you're deaf to-
night! You haven't taken your hat off,'
exclaimed Mrs. Palmer.

'Don't, wife, don't; and the old man laid
his straw hat on the floor beside him.

The two women bent their heads reverent-
ly over the board, waiting for the deacon to
invoke his customary blessing upon the
meal, but no sound broke the stillness.

Mrs. Palmer glanced up at her husband;
his head, too, was bent over his plate; and
a stream of candlelight falling on his face
revealed it fully to her gaze. 'John, some-
thing has happened to you to-night,' she
said, leaning forward, and breathlessly search-
ing his face.

A deep, convulsive sort of groan heaved
out of the old man's lips, and both the wo-
men grew white as they heard it.

'O, what is it, father?' do tell us!' flut-
tered up the frightened voice of Rebecca.

Mrs. Palmer rose and went to her hus-
band, and laid her shaking fingers on his
hard hand.

'O, John it aint anything about Reuben?'
She cried out the words as one might if a
sword had struck suddenly into his heart.

Rebecca had sat still at the table, her
sweet face struck white with wonder and
fear, and her brown eyes fastened on her
parents; but now she sprang up and drop-

ped down on her knees at the deacon's feet;
'O, father, do say it isn't Reuben,' and her
voice was like her mother's.

The deacon opened his lips, but he could
not speak. He took the hands of his wife
and child, covered them with his own trem-
bling ones. 'O, Lord, have mercy upon us!'
groaned the stricken man, and then they
knew.

Mrs. Palmer crept up to her husband, and
then whispered in a faint, broken voice,
'Just say my boy isn't dead, father. I can
bear almost anything else.'

The deacon made no answer; but the
great tears fell down his furrowed cheeks,
and it was enough.

The tidings of the disastrous battle at
Long Island, which closed the summer of
seventeen hundred and seventy-six, had fill-
ed the land with mourning for thousands of
widows and orphans had been made in that
terrible hour when so many brave Americans
lay dead on the battle-field, and the news of
the successful skirmish which took place the
following month near King's Bridge in New
York, was everywhere hailed with gladness
and gratitude, and the little village of Wood-
stock bore its part in the general rejoicing
on that autumn night, when the stage first
brought in the tidings. The deacon's family
was not the only one in the village of Wood-
stock to whom the news brought any sorrow,
for it was in this engagement that Reuben
had fallen. He was a great favorite in the
village, and every heart was filled with sad-
ness at the thought of that bright, handsome
face lying stark and rigid on the battle-
field.

It was late that evening when Parson Hun-
ter entered the stricken house, for friends
and neighbors feared to intrude on its awful
grief. But the tender-hearted old minister
could not rest till he had carried the sweet
balm of his love and faith into their broken
hearts.

Parson Hunter was a tall, white-haired
old man, a fine representative of the staunch
old Puritan minister, but beneath, a state-
liness and austerity of manner beat a heart
where all were all fair and fragrant blossoms
and golden fruits of character and love; a
heart in whose pleasant, goodly paths the an-
gels loved to walk with their shining faces,
and of whom they wrote, 'Of such is the
kingdom of heaven.'

The minister found the family in the kitch-
en, where we left it, utterly crushed down
by grief which expressed itself neither by
moans nor tears.

Mrs. Palmer sat in the large arm chair
before the fire, where her husband had placed
her, the crimson light fluttering over her
pale face, which seemed frozen to stone, and
her tearless eyes fastened in blank gaze on
the wall, and it was well perhaps, that a
larm for her reason or her life had somewhat
diverted the thoughts of the deacon and his
daughter from the dead to the living, though
it seemed to the minister that the last hour
had done the work of years on both of them.

'My friends,' said the minister, speaking in
his deep, solemn tones, 'I should not have
come into your house of mourning to-night,
feeling that the Lord could speak to your
hearts better than I; but I remembered that
it was twenty-four years ago this month
when you brought Reuben up to the altar to
dedicate him to his God, and I felt, that I
had a right and a title to come.

And these words unlocked Mrs. Palmer's
face. She turned suddenly toward the old
man as the vision of that Sabbath morning
rose and walked up its long path of years
and stood before her.

'I see him! I see him! she sobbed out
with the little brown curls a dancin' round
his face, and the merry blinkin' eyes under
them. My little Reuben! he was the sweet-
est baby that ever gladdened a mother's
heart, and I was so proud of him, and I
thought God would spare him to be the staff
of his mother's old age, because I had given
all the others to him. O, Parson Hunter it
can't be true that I shall never look into his
face again, never hear the sound of his voice
that he's lyin' off there on the battle-field,
and his mother not there to smooth away
the hair from his forehead, or give him one
kiss when he looked in her face for the last
time!'

The old man sat still, overwhelmed by
this mighty burst of a mother's agony. He
closed his eyes for the tears that flamed them,
and felt that for her he had neither hope nor
consolation.

'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken
away; blessed be the name of the Lord!'

The low, solemn tones of the preacher,
scarcely above a whisper, fell into the hearts
of the hearers and stilled them, as man's
never could, as only God's can.

Blessed Bible words, which we read over
in the morning lessons and evening service,
and never knew the fullness and richness,
the depths of meaning there are in them,
till some awful sorrow of our own touched
the springs, and then we go in, and lo!—
those old familiar passages are like stately
rooms resting on massive pillars, and garn-

ished and adorned with all fair, and beauti-
ful things, or they rise before us like gar-
dens filled with trees whose branches are
burdened with gold and purple fruits, whose
winds are full of the sweet breath of flow-
ers, and whose silence is stirred by the voice
of soft-falling waters, amid which the wea-
ry soul may walk and be refreshed.

O, reader, for you, too, sooner or later,
must come this time when all earthly help
shall fail you, when no human words can
be of avail or of healing to you, and in these
silent and awful sorrows when only the
voice of God can speak to the heart, and too
may find what it is to have the windows of
the promises opened, and your soul shall sit
down under their blessed shadows and be
healed.

Days passed away. A young man walked
along the country road slowly and wearily,
leaning upon a stout oak staff; his face was
ghastly white, and he wore the blue uniform
of the 'continentals.' He had a terrible
wound on his right shoulder, and had been
left on the battle-field for dead. He opened
the back gate softly, and gazed all about
him—at the wood-pile in one corner of the
great yard near the sunflower stalks, and
the small quince trees which grew on one
side of the old brown homestead of Deacon
Palmer.

Suddenly the door opened, and Rebecca
Palmer came out of the door with a tin ba-
sin in her hand, and the man's heart leaped
as he heard her say—

'Never mind sprinklin' them clothes, moth-
er; I'll attend to it as soon as I've hunted
up a few o' them winter peens to stew for
supper,' and she saw the light, rapid figure
hasten round the corner of the house to the
old pear tree just in the edge of the pasture
which he remembered climbing so many
times in his boyhood, and amid the branches
of which he had gathered the faded birds
nests every fall. He followed the quick fig-
ure stealthily, and stood still a moment just
outside the bars, and she did not see him for
her back was turned, and she had dropped
down on the yellow grass, and was searching
amidst it for the fruit which the wind had shak-
en off.

'Becky, Becky, I say.'

She turned quickly, and as her eyes fell
upon his face a ghastly pallor crept over hers.
She covered it with a shriek, not loud, for it
seemed to lie for very terror in her throat.

'Why, Becky, do look up here! Haven't
you got a better welcome than this for your
brother, when he's come back from the dead
like?'
But she covered close down in the grass,
and moaned and shivered like the leaves in
the old pear tree.

'See here, now, what on earth ails you?—
If you take me for a spirit, jest look up and
I'll be able to convince you that I'm honest
flesh and blood yet.'

He lifted her up with one arm, for she was
too weak betwixt fright and wonder to resist,
but the old, familiar, hearty tones half-re-
assured her.

She lifted her face from her hands and
looked at her brother a moment with a strain-
ed wild glance, then the glad truth broke
into her heart, for the hazel eyes had the
old roguish glance, though they were set in
a pale, wasted face.

'O, Reuben, Reuben, I jest thought it was
a ghost!' and she fell upon his neck with a
wild sob of joy.

It was long before he could get her to talk
rationally. She would throw her arms a-
round his neck, and hugging him tightly,
murmur such tender words over him betwixt
sobs and laughter as Reuben Palmer had not
heard since he lay a babe in his mother's
crib.

'You precious, darling fellow, have you
really come back to us alive? Bless your
heart, how white and changed you are! O,
Reuben, darling, is it really you, or am I
dreaming?'

And at last the girl grew calmer, and was
able to tell her brother of that terrible night
when the awful tidings came of his death
and how they hadn't one of them smiled
since, and how, though his mother tried to
bear up every one who looked in her face
could see that her heart was broken.

And then both the young man and the
maiden sat down on the grass and wept as
though they were little children.

At last Rebecca rose up. 'O, what will
mother say? You must come right into
the house, Reuben, only p'raps I'd better
break it to her slow like, for she's weakly
now, and the sudden joy might kill her—
O, there's father!'

And they saw the old deacon come slowly
into the yard, and alight from his horse just
before the barn-door, and remove the heavy
bags of flour from the animal's back, for the
old man had just returned from the mill.

'We'll go and tell him first. You just
keep around the corner of the barn, and I'll
break the news,' cried Rebecca.

She came panting up to her father just as
he was leading the horse into the barn.

'O, say, father, I want to tell you, some-
thing's happened!'

The old man turned and looked into the
eager face of his daughter, and his son
standing a little way off, could see the change
which the last two weeks had made in his
face.

'Well, what is it, my-child?'

'You'll be so glad, father, and yet—I can't
tell it. O, Reuben, do come here!' and he
came out. 'Father!'

The vague superstition which most all
country people held at that period, of ghosts
who haunted their old homes, and visits
made by the dead to the living, at once sug-
gested even to the well-balanced mind of the
deacon the possibility of his son's spirit re-
turning to him.

He turned white as his child had done,
but he did not speak, and Rebecca cried out,
'Don't be afraid father. It isn't a ghost, but
Reuben's old self, and he wasn't dead as we
all thought.'

One long greedy glance, and the father
knew his child.

'O, Reuben, my son, Reuben! the Lord be
praised!'

And the father and son fell upon each
other's necks, like Jacob and Joseph of old,
and wept.

We must break it to mother easy, child-
ren, it'll sartin kill her for joy,' said the
old man, vigorously wiping his face with
his pocket handkerchief.

So it was arranged that Deacon Palmer
should go in and break the joyful tidings to
his wife according to his best judgment.

The trio went up to the house; Deacon
Palmer entered the kitchen, and his children
stood just outside the door, where they could
hear every word. Mrs. Palmer was slicing
some apples into a wooden bowl. She did
not look up as her husband entered; all
these weeks she had gone on with her house
hold duties carefully and assiduously as ever,
but with a face which grew more pale, patient
every day—more like the faces over which the
grasses grow, and the winds walk.

'Well, Becky,' she said, 'I couldn't make
out what had kept you. You've been a heap
of time huntin' them peens.'

All the life had gone out of her voice, it
was as full of grief and patience as her face.

'It's me, mother, not Becky. I've just got
home from the mill, and I've heard good
news.'

'What kind o' news, father?' with scarcely
a faint stir of interest.

'Ahem—wall, this was from the army.'

The old woman sighed. 'Then the Lord's
given us another victory over our enemy.'

'Wall, not that exactly. It's somethin'
that concerns us more nearly—somethin'
that'll give you great joy, mother.'

Poor old man! He was internally con-
gratulating himself on the tact and discre-
tion with which he had approached his sub-
ject; but he could not keep a tone of trium-
phant gladness out of his voice, and he was
not astute enough for a woman's quick intu-
itions.

'John,' she said, turning round and look-
ing him full in the face—a look that stag-
gered him—have you heard anything about
Reuben?'

'Wall, yes, it did consarn him—' He
broke down here. 'Reuben, come in and let
your mother see for herself.'

'Mother!'

'She gave one long, greedy look at his
shadow fell over the threshold. She com-
prehended it all in that glance, and stretch-
ed out her arms as he rushed forward, but
they only clutched at the air, for before she
could gather him to her heart, she had fallen
to the floor. Her son that was dead, was a-
live again, but the mothers joy was more than
her heart could bear. But the color soon
came to her faded cheeks, and at eventide
on that happy day, was heard in good Dea-
con Palmer's house the voice of praise and
thanksgiving to Him who in His Wisdom
'taketh away,' but in mercy 'restoreth a-
gain.'

During the ceremony of breaking ground
for a railroad in a Western State, a clergy-
man solemnly and slowly read a manu-
script prayer, at the conclusion of which an
old negro man, who had been resting with
one foot on his spade, and his arms on the
handles, looking intently in the chaplain's
face, straightened himself up and remarked
very audibly: 'Well, I reckon dat's de first
time de Lord's eber been writ to on de sub-
ject of railroads.'

WEALTH. Gross and vulgar minds will
always pay a higher respect to wealth than
to talent; for wealth, though it be a far less
efficient source of power than talent, hap-
pens to be far more intelligible.

An envious man repines as much at the
manner in which his neighbors live, as if he
maintained them.

Gilded roofs and silver door locks cannot
shut out sleepless nights.

WHO IS THE GREATEST.

My young cousin Henry has been reading
Abbott's History of Napoleon Bonaparte.

One evening, as we sat together, he laid
down his book, and with glowing cheeks and
sparkling eyes exclaimed:

'Wasn't he the most splendid man that
ever lived? I'd give any thing to be half so
great!'

Mr. Abbott's portrait so carefully con-
ceals the blemishes of his hero, and it is set
in so dazzling a frame, that I could not won-
der at a boy's enthusiasm in contemplating
it. But I said:

'Your chance of being half so great as
Bonaparte is very good, I think. That is
not always great that consists in brilliant
achievements. The highest greatness is
moral; and seeks the good of others rather
than its own glory. I could tell you of a
more noble hero than Napoleon, who lived
in his own time.'

'Should like to hear of one,' said Henry,
with an air that said he was not to be con-
vinced. But he still loved a story; so I told
him the following:

'Years ago, in the deep heart of a moun-
tain in Belgium a hundred men were work-
ing in a coal mine.'

'Grim-visaged and dusky, moving about
by the red light of their safety lamps, they
might have been taken for the demons of the
mountains, once supposed by the peasants to
dwell in its caves. Their work was hard,
and surrounded by dangers; but their wives
and children were in the hamlet above and
long habit made them forget their perils. So
they might be contented and even happy.'

The creaking windlass raised and lowered
a huge bucket through the deep and nar-
row shaft, from morning till night, carrying
men to and fro. This was their only door-
way.

It was noonday and the sun shone down
one side of the shaft, and brought a glim-
mer of daylight to a part of the mine when
Hubert Goffin, the master miner, took his
place in the great kibble, and was let down
to the mine many feet below. When he
reached the bottom, he commenced handing
some tools and stores to Victor, a blind mi-
ner, who was waiting there. Victor had
left a sick child in one of the cottages, and
it was to inquire after him that he stood
waiting at the bottom of the shaft.

The bucket was soon emptied, and Hubert
was just stepping out when, hark! What
sound was that which made his cheek pale?

It was the rushing of water. The next mo-
ment he caught sight of a steam forcing it-
self through the fissure in the mountain
close to the shaft! Hubert's long experi-
ence instantly showed them their full dan-
ger. It was not a feeble oozing stream, but
a mighty pressure of water that had found
its outlet here. They would be overwhelm-
ed—lost!

One foot was yet in the bucket—a jerk at
the rope would save him. But though death
stared him in the face, he could not sacri-
fice others to save himself! Quickly jump-
ing out he seized blind Victor, and placed
him in the bucket, saying quickly, as he jerk-
ed the rope:

'Tell them the water was burst in, and we
are probably lost; but we will seek refuge
at the farther end of the right gallery. Say
farewell to our friends.' In a moment he
was gone, and with him Hubert's only cer-
tainty of escape from a terrible death.

The mine consisted of a long narrow pas-
sage, on all sides deep caves from which the
coal had been dug. The men were all at the
farther end of the mine, hewing out the soli-
d mountain, unconscious of danger. Hubert
quickly made his way along the dark pas-
sage followed by the swift spreading water,
and reached his fellow-workmen with the
dreadful intelligence. It was a moment for
panic, when each would have rushed to cer-
tain death in a vain effort to save himself.
But looking firmly into their ghastly faces
the master spoke a few encouraging senten-
ces—

'Follow my words, lads, and be quick—our
picks may save us!'

Then came a few steady, quick commands,
to hollow a new chamber above the level
the water would probably reach. The men
obeyed in silence, though each knew not but
that he might be digging his own grave. A
hundred pairs of hands soon finished the
work, and into the cave a hundred men
crowded to await their death or an almost
impossible chance of relief. The water gradu-
ally filled the old avenues and chambers,
and them seemed stayed. Never was a situa-
tion more dreadful. No more than a day's
provisions had been saved, and already two
or three of their number had been killed by
the falling rocks, while hastily digging their
own chamber. The long dismal hours, with
no change to mark them, brought only the
advance of almost certain death.

Courage, brave Hubert! God, who saw
thy noble sacrifice, will help thee!

The terrified friends and townsmen, on
hearing Victor's dreadful news, ran wildly

about in hopeless panic. But soon, galloped by the message Hubert had sent, they commenced working a new shaft as near as possible to the spot where the hopeless men might be. Five days and nights they toiled digging deeper and deeper into the solid side of the mountain.

"It is a vain task," said the men. But the women cried, "do not cease. God will help us."

At length, on the morning of the sixth day, the muffled sound of blows from within met the ears of the workmen in the shaft. A signal ran along the rope, and told the news to the waiting multitude above, who rent the air with joyful shouts. Soon a communication was made. They were saved—at least some were saved.

Who can imagine the feelings of the unfortunate men, buried five days and nights, without food, when first the day gleamed in upon them, revealing a human face!

Of a hundred who had been imprisoned over seventy survived, and with them Hubert. Without him, indeed, probably no one would have been spared to tell the story.

This noble act, done in a place and at a moment when no praise of men could have been looked for, echoed throughout Europe, and obtained the praise and gratitude of the world. The ten thousand miners of Liege hailed their fellow laborer with delight and pride. Napoleon heard and admired in his palace at Paris, and sent a reward to the peasant nobleman. He sent him his Cross of Honor, the mark which all the high and great coveted, and, better still, offered him a pension which raised him above want for the rest of his life.

When God unfolds in heaven the secret charity of men, many such heroes shall stand revealed, whom the earth and the wave have covered, sending no testimony to the world. Their Father who seeth in secret shall reward them openly.

OUR DOMESTIC PROGRESS. This is decidedly a go-ahead age. Old ways and means are thrown aside, like worn-out garments—old customs are falling into total disuse. These things might have done very well for our grandfathers and grandmothers—they will not answer for the nineteenth-century people. The spirit of progress has descended upon us, and nowhere has it left a marked indication of its presence than in the department, to glory and to fame unknown, of house-keeping.

There is a great deal of ignorance in this respect, probably because there is more prose than poetry in the subject. We never heard of any editorial knight who took up the quills in behalf of housekeeping, or enlarged on the beauties of kitchen or laundry. Yet what would the world do without these unpretending necessities? Women reap the immediate benefit of domestic progress, and therefore women have a right to be heard on the matter.

How our great grandmothers would have laughed at the hypothesis of cooking by gas! how they would have scorned the idea of compact little ranges when the heat glows within a few square inches instead of being diffused through a yawning chimney, where the swining crane constituted the chief ornament! Now, the work which then demanded so much time and labor—so much lifting of kettles, and hauling of logs, and clearing of ashes, is comparatively trifling. The water which then was brought, painful by pailful, from some far off spring, or came creaking up on the ponderous arm of the mossy well sweep, now flows from a "handy" little pipe or spout, close to the operator's hand. Who says that the kitchen work has not gone ahead?

We wish the girls of the present day, whose slender fingers, encased in scented kid, are useless save to flutter over the piano keys, and whose frail frames get tired to death on the slightest provocation, could form some adequate idea of the work girls used to go through with sixty years ago, in the era when a damsel was considered unthrifty if she did not spin, weave, and make up her own wedding outfit. There must have been a good deal of solid comfort in those days when the hum of the spinning-wheel and the whirr of the loom occupied the time now filled by modern bravuras and French chatter—when the young lady, instead of promenading down Broadway to see how the rest of the female world was dressed, used to go out on the sunny side of the hill to watch the gradual whitening of the linen webs spread out on the short velvet grass to catch the alchemic influence of enlivening rain and vivid sunshine. This is the task of great manufactories now, and our languid demimouche saunter down to marble palaces, to amuse herself by "cheerful" the fabrics which lie ready to her hand. So disappeared another branch of labor from woman's horizon.

Sewing—the work which once on a time monopolized the eyes and fingers of the women of a household, to say nothing of the periodical visits of the tailor and dress-maker who annually made the rounds of the neighborhood—is done up at railroad rates by machinery; knitting no longer lies in old corners to be taken up in stray moments of leisure, for the shining needles are displaced by metallic throws and sinews, whose buzzing sound seems to laugh at quaint, old-fashioned ways. Washing-day, once the lane and terror of every heart, is reduced to the all-conquering limits of this same wizzard, machinery. Our houses are lested by furnaces, lighted by jets of gas—our carpets are swept by patent contrivances—almost nothing is left to be accomplished by what the old ladies call "elbow grease."

Is not this a very respectable progress to be wrought in less than a century? Get the fair sex, far from being contented, are raising a perpetual outcry that they have no time! How would they relish the weighty burden of cares under which their grandmothers thrived, and grew blooming? The real labor of housekeeping is absolutely nothing compared with what it was. Either we must conclude that our women are a damaged and degenerate article, or that the days are shorter than they used to be. Which of the two is the more charitable conclusion?

As a general thing, comparisons are odious—in this case, they may be as good as a dose of medicine to the disaffected ones. Imagine yourselves for a few days, ye ladies that are disposed to grumble, back in the industrious atmosphere of olden time. Then do you will thank your lucky stars, and the inventive genius of all Yankee land; but there is so little to demand the energies of your hearts and hands. Instead of ringing the changes on the worn-out topic of "no time," ask yourselves what you have done with its lavish superfluity! For in no respect do we present a stronger contrast to the days of our ancestors, than in the progressive movement we have made in the art of housekeeping.—Life Illustrated.

The barn and out-buildings belonging to Timothy Stewart, Esq. of Saco, were struck by lightning and totally destroyed by fire in the shower on Tuesday, last week.

The Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, OCT. 5, 1860.

MAINE STATE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The sixth exhibition came off the past week at Portland and was decidedly the most successful one of the whole series. It has paid all expenses, and has probably left a pretty favorable balance in its favor. The arrangements made by the Portland people were of the most satisfactory and complete character, and fully demonstrates the fact that the future shows of the society should be, at least, located in some important central town. The idea of carrying it into remote sections of the State, is simply childish and impracticable.

Tuesday was used up with the receiving and arranging the various contributions. Whole number of entries of stock \$26, and a better collection of horses and cattle could hardly be made from the State.

Wednesday opened clear and cold, but brought a goodly number upon the grounds. The principal feature of this day's exhibition was the display of draught oxen and horses. Thirteen pairs of oxen were entered and four pairs of oxen, and two "one horse" arrangements.

The trials of strength were very satisfactory, especially the single horses. One horse weighing less than a 1000 lbs., and belonging to the Messrs. Thompson of Portland, easily moved a drag loaded with 2750 lbs. weight.

But Thursday and Friday were the most important days of the show. At 11 o'clock the contest of running horses began. A fine thorough-bred mare, owned by our friend Thomas of Portland, won the outsider's purse of \$100, a plucky little horse belonging to Dr. Ludwig, being second. There was a novel trial of bog-plows at Allen's Corner, Westbrook, at which only one plow was deemed worthy of premium.

At 2 o'clock P. M. came off the trotting contest for society's premiums. The Warren horse from Scarborough, won the premium for five-year-old stallions, he being the only one that trotted although five others were entered.

Four-year-old stallions trotted next. There were three entries "Flying Mack" owned by Shaw of Augusta, took the first prize in best two in three heats—time 3:16; and a roan belonging to Gilman of Portland, took the second.

Next came five-year-old mares. There were only two entries for these purses of \$35.—"Fanny Bradbury" owned by John N. Stimpson of Alfred, and "Fanny Fern" by J. H. Moody of Portland. "Fanny Bradbury" took the first purse of \$25, in two straight heats—2:58 and 2:50—giving the next one of \$10, to "Fanny Fern."

Only two four-year-old mares were entered—"Lady Mack" owned by David Simpson, and a bay mare by Stimpson. The bay mare took the first and of course "Lady Mack" the second—best time 2:59.

In the contest for the \$30 purse by geldings five year old and mare, "Benicia Bay" (better known as "The Houghton horse") won the first prize of \$20 and "Wide Awake" owned by Jordan, the second one of \$10—best time 2:48.

Among the most interesting features of this day's exhibition, was that of the trained steers—one pair 4 years old, driven by a son of Daniel Curtis of Woodstock, and a pair of yearlings managed by a son of Gilman Tuell of Paris—both boys being less than 16 years old.

The steers four years old, were manifestly more prompt at the word of command, than the yearlings, but not so promising. Either pair of them would work round each other, lie down at a single motion of the goad, hold up high or drop their heads at a single word of command, walk over each other—one, of course, lying down for the purpose—hold the goad in their mouths and do a hundred things, almost, in themselves almost wonderful. No display for the whole day or days of the show elicited so hearty admiration as this one. Handsome gratuities were awarded the boys, both by the Society and the spectators.

Friday forenoon, Friday's show promised to be a fit finale to so good an exhibition. The day opened clear and bright, but windy and decidedly too cold for any sort of comfort. Jockies shivered, Judges shivered, reporters shivered, spectators shivered and almost any man on the judges stand could have vied with Covert in that inimitable song—

"The man who couldn't get warm."

At 11 o'clock there was a parade of all the prize animal around the tracks, and afterwards a cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen, all making a fine show.

At 2 o'clock P. M. the trotting contest for the outsider's purse of one and two hundred dollars—the first to the best trotting horse or mare always owned in Maine, the last one to the best trotting horse or mare wherever owned. For the \$100 purse were entered a horse owned by Chas. H. Adams of Portland; "Fannie Bradbury" by Stimpson; "Garibaldi" by Pearce of Bangor; "Benicia Bay," by Houghton of Greenwood; and "Kittale," by Pompliley of Auburn.

This was intensely exciting—so close were some of the heats. The squarest trotting was by "Fanny Bradbury" making one heat without skip or break in 2:46. Garibaldi was withdrawn early, and Adams' horse did not trot at all. "Benicia Bay" and "Fanny Bradbury" were then trotted together, leaving "Kittale" to match the winning horse at last. "Fanny beat the 'Boy' handsomely

ly and squarely, but having already trotted four heats her owner refused to let her go against "Kittale" he being fresh "Kittale" then having it all his own way, won the next heat and the race in 2:45.

It was dark when this race was concluded, but not a person left the grounds, so interesting had it become. In consequence of the approach of night, the grand sweepstakes was postponed till Saturday at 9 A. M.

We had almost forgotten to mention the trial of speed between two four-year-old colts, the same afternoon—"Brandywine" owned by Russell of Buckfield, and "Rosa Bonheur" owned by Stimpson of Alfred. It was a splendid trot, and won by the latter in 2:52.

Saturday morning. Long before 9 o'clock the most available chances to sit down or stand up were filled by a crowd who seemed never to tire of the most exciting of American sports.

The entries were for a purse of \$200, best 3 in 5, open to all.

Four entries were made; S. Lang, Portland, entered the Gray Gelding St. Lawrence; Waldo T. Pierce, Bangor, Bay Gelding, "Garibaldi;" L. A. Hitchcock, Boston, Gray Gelding, "Meddlesome;" J. H. Dunning, Boston, Gray Gelding, "What is it?"

This was a fine and intensely exciting race. One thing soon became apparent, and that was that the "What is it" was on the track to "play" the others rather than with the hopes of winning, since he could only keep in distance by running; and when the crowd learned that the owner of Meddlesome owned him, they could see why it was thus. St. Lawrence and Garibaldi were by all means the squarest trotting horses, and could hardly have failed in this race, with the same age and experience of Meddlesome; as it was, both showed all the points that distinguish the trotting horse.

Five heats were trotted and every one of them closely contested; but "Meddlesome" won the race and received the \$200 prize.

This closed the regular announced sports on the grounds and a little before noon we took our leave of the place.

We have not space to give full particulars of prizes awarded &c., but content myself by saying that we were really disappointed in the excellence of the show, generally. Every department of mechanical or farm labor was represented. The show of animals was never better and especially must our citizens be proud of the important position our Maine horses are taking everywhere.

Cumberland County has done her full share in this matter, and all others pertaining to this exhibition; and our own town has been honored by premiums.

In the Halls the show was rich and varied. We cannot dwell on it. There were almost endless varieties of inventions in the line of implements that pertain to the farm and the workshop.

There was one room entirely filled with plants and flowers—one of the finest horticultural shows ever seen in the State. A rare collection of statuary and paintings was another distinguishing feature of the exhibition. In the main room, there was the usual variety of contributions, from the artisans ware and the merchants goods to the little patch-work offering of some rosy-cheeked school-girl.

We took a thousand and one notes of particular, individual features of the show, but we have deemed general matters more interesting to the reader, since we have not space for all.

We would like to speak at length upon the incidents to the week's exhibition—what our former Adjutant-General Webster would call "Datings," but we can't. On the grounds was the usual catch penny affairs in the way of booths &c. inside of which were supposed to be wax figures, snakes and wild animals generally, and from within coming the torturing tones of a cheap hand-organ, or a worn-out bag-pipe.

One exhibition was worth its price, and that was the of the mammoth oxen from N. H. owned by a Mr. Towle. Their girth is 10 feet 9 inches, and well proportioned. They are simply wonderful.

But we shall worry the patience of our readers. Briefly, then, the sixth annual exhibition of our State society, has been of a character that augurs well for its future prosperity, while it shows a well-disposed basis of present healthfulness, and it further shows that its prosperity will be exactly equal to the provisions made for it by those interested, since, undoubtably "there's go in it."

The Bangor Times says that last Saturday several dwellings in Oldtown were entered by burglars. One was the Baptist clergyman's who was up finishing off his sermon for the next day. The burglars thought he was so deeply engaged that he would not notice their explorations, but he did and they decamped.

The house, barn and out-buildings belonging to Mr. Rufus Frafton of Alfred, together with the hay, hogs, farming tools and most of the furniture, were consumed by fire on Saturday morning last. Loss \$3,000—insured for \$1,000.

The Louisville Journal says "the ladies ought ever to be Abolitionists. The abolition of slavery would destroy the cotton culture, and we know that cotton is very near their hearts."

Chase Eden's barn, in East Corinth, was struck by lightning, and consumed on the 25th inst., with 30 tons of hay.

The first State Master of the Volunteer Uniform Militia of New Hampshire will be held in Nashua, Oct. 12th and 13th.

A FEW NOTES OF TRAVEL.

Last Tuesday and Wednesday we spent on the way to and from, and at Boston that "hub" of the moral and intellectual universe. Boston, although always passable, now presents the additional excitement of various political interests, a good business tone, the Mechanics Fair, and the most successful theatre season, for several years. Every place of amusement is crowded, from the Opera of Cortesi, to the Promenade Concerts. Booth is playing to crowded houses at the Howard, and the wonderful play of the Colleen Bawn is captivating the hosts that throng the museum.

The Mechanics Fair is too good, too extensive to try to describe. One must see it all—spend a day there, and he will then realize how extensive and valuable it is. You are flattered by the brilliancy of the fanciful sinaps and polished finish of the finer and costlier contributions, and by the eagerness of the throng that gathers there, and you are bewildered by the hum of machinery on all hands. It is indeed a deeply interesting exhibition and worthy of the place and its enterprise.

He who would enjoy one of the most rational and valuable features of Boston amusements, one of her "peculiar institutions" must not fail to visit the Athenaeum. A half day is none too much time, and then you are unwilling to leave it.

But our time was short. We called into the Journal office—a splendid new building and worthy the enterprise of its owners.

The book-publishing house of Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. is well worth the visit it costs one. They have a store whose depth is 250 feet, and employ thirty hands. Our friend Small very politely entertained us with a description of their business and its growing importance, and pointed out the varied panoramic views which their long lines of shelves and counters present.

We must not forget to mention the host of the Winthrop House—Silbree—who not only "can keep a hotel," but is a fine specimen of a gentleman in any capacity. You can make no better selection, for a stopping place, in all this well furnished town.

Wednesday night we came to Portland in the good steamer "Lewiston" along with a friend of ours—"a nice young man" who smoked cigars and read "Rutledge." It was a fine night and we strayed on deck and enjoyed one of the finest moon-lit ocean-views, occasionally turning aside to hear an enterprising young boot-black from Boston—some ten years old—sing "Boney Jean" and tell how we all would have laughed

"had we only seen em kiten, Three old sports on the road to Brighton."

We caught a slight cold, on deck, but soon after (a slight "fitful fever," we "slept well" till morning, and from which time you know we were at the Fair attending to the duties of reporter all the days, and seeing the Octosoon, Sam Cowell, Prof. Harrington, &c., in the evening.

OUR CHANGING CLIMATE. The frequent changes of our uncertain climate give rise to many forms of disease, and we often murmur and repine at their suddenness. But there is a bright as well as a dark side in all the ordinances of Nature, and Washington Irving has painted the bright side of the flicker season in the following terms:—

"Here let us say a word in favor of those vicissitudes of our climate which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us, they give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the north. They flout our summer sky with gorgeous tints of fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth, and keep it green. Our seasons are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with its bath-nose of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and chilling frosts, and whirling storms, but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives relucbent brightness to the day, when at night the stars beam with intense lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limid radiance.

And the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life; and the splendor of summer, its morning voluptuousness and evening glory, its airy palaces of sunlit clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempests of almost tropical grandeur, when the fork-lightning and belching thunder volly from the battlements of heaven shake the sultry atmosphere; and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky. Truly we may well say that in our climate, 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

On the afternoon of the 25th ult., a tornado swept over Standish. The barns of D. Moulton, Mr. Shackford and H. J. Swasey are unroofed; shade trees and orchards are very much damaged. In the orchard of Mr. Marrett twenty six of his largest and most valuable apple trees were blown down, and many others much injured. In the orchard of Mr. Howe twenty four trees were destroyed. Fragments of fences were strewn along the highways. A man at work in his field, with his oxen and cart, was taken up and hurled some ten rods—his cart upset and carried a long distance. Stone walls were blown down and the roads blown to distance of rods. Fragments of trees, weighing hundreds of pounds, were hurled through the air to distances of thirty and forty rods. A piece of the limb of an apple tree, five inches in diameter and one foot in length, was broken out from a limb and driven some ten rods, passing through a fence. A beautiful maple tree, more than a foot in diameter, was broken short off just above the surface of the ground.—Portland Evening Courier.

John Hale, a most notorious horse thief, who escaped from the New Hampshire State Prison recently, was arrested at Waterford. He has already spent 46 years of his life in nearly all the prisons in New England, for the crime of horse stealing.

Written for the Reporter.

TO THE UNMARRIED READERS OF THE REPORTER.—The Time to be Married. To a few ideas connected with the important subject indicated by the caption of this article, my dear unmarried friends, I ask your candid attention. This is a matter which has undoubtedly agitated your minds somewhat, no matter what be your age, sex or condition. None so young but the thought of being in such a position as is now occupied by father or mother has come; none so old in single blessedness, but the "forlorn hope" still exists. None so poor but he or she feels the right to exclusive love and loving; none so rich but love would make him happier, richer. The time to be married, then, is something which must concern and interest you all. Man cannot say this is a matter which does not concern me; for from the time of the miracle in the Garden of Eden to the present day, the Edict has gone forth:—"It is not good for man to be alone." Nor can woman say, I have no especial interest in the time to be married; for her relation to man from the first creation to this hour, has been, that she is "an help meet for him." Now if you turn to the Third Chapter of Ecclesiastes, you may read, in the first verse: To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. The "Preacher" goes on to specify sundry times, among which I notice "a time to get," and "a time to keep" and "a time to love." I assume then: Getting and keeping and loving, make up the sum total of true matrimonial bliss; there is a time to get and to keep and to love; therefore there is a time to be married. This may seem strange and unnecessary reasoning, but I think it will bear investigation. It may seem unaccountable to some that the "Preacher" omitted so important a "time" as the one we are considering; that he did not, not only allude to this among the rest, but also give some inspired counsel upon it. I will give what I think may have been two reasons: First, that the getting, keeping and loving are equivalent to marrying; and second, that no direction could be given which would embrace the circumstances of all the wide range of marriageable subjects, and that however comprehensive and candid might have been the advice,—where love's passion burns,—and,

"While youth a hot blood within our red veins revels,"

We heed it not, the tide flows on too fast; Though as the torrent widens towards the ocean,

We ponder deeply on each past emotion."—The "Preacher" included a good deal in the "times" he mentioned, I think; and he knew too much of mankind to venture counsel, where counsel is seldom heeded.

Now in deciding in regard to the time to be married, there are frequently two ever opposing and counteracting elements of our nature brought into play. I allude to Feeling and Reason. Let almost any young man take into consideration seriously and personally the "Time" we are considering, and he finds the impulses urging in one direction, and the reasoning faculties working in direct opposition, in many respects thereto. Feeling pictures in glowing colors the ideal home, and he longs to participate in its fancied joys.

Reason, on the other hand, puts in a word of needful warning, and bids him look out for breakers ahead. The *Poet* seems to me to have happily harmonized those two contending armies of Passion and Intellect, suffering neither of them to conquer, but turning them both into service for the good of us all:—

"Passions are winds to bear us o'er the wave, Reason, the rudder, to direct and save."

The Poet seems to be the only one that would give us a "time to marry." The Passions would drive us on with such impetuosity as that we should be married beforetime. The Reason, on the contrary, would lead to such cool, heartless calculation, that Hymen never would bring his "love delighted hour."

From what has been written, it will be seen by you all, my readers, that the vastness of this subject forbids that one short letter should evolve the "time" when all should be married. We must fall back upon the "Preacher's" time for every purpose under the heaven.

Trusting that you will none of you suffer the blindness of mistaken passion to drive you rashly to matrimonial destruction; nor the cold calculations of an over-timorous reason to deter you from married life; but that, you will all so compound these two elements as to come in the right way to the "time to be married," I will close.

Yours truly,

PHILOS.

N. B. Advice given in special cases to good paying applicants.

How COFFEE CAME TO BE USED. It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage of coffee, without which few persons, in any half or wholly civilized country in the world, now make breakfast. At the time Columbus discovered America, it had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia and upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a beverage is ascribed to the superior of a monastery in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about 200 years it had reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1714, became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The Dutch introduced it into Java and the East Indies, and the French and Spanish all over South America and the West Indies. The extent of the consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume it at the cost, on its landing, of from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars.

A TRAGEDY—Scene of Real Life. I am of beautiful Nashville, the capital of my State—much as I admire its capitol, standing palace-like on Cemetery Hill, and appreciating as I do the wealth of mind, and taste of many of its citizens, of either sex—I have seen many in that city to regret and deplore. A stranger may not land there but he has a place in a most despicable locality on Water Street. At the hotels, he will find the well-to-do black leg and fero dealer associated with gentlemen, and if he be a stranger in the ways, he is likely to become the victim of his own ignorance and confidence, and skill and cunning.

One evening, soon after the close of Mexican war, I found myself attracted to one kept by the noble Ferguson, in company with Frank C. Bill, N., and two other friends who had with me from the plains of Mexico, and afterwards, velle in the halls of the Montezuma had dined together, and the wife was beside it: therefore we felt inclined to kind of fun which might present itself.

A young man of very pleasant and most genteel appearance, had just come into the company, and there some words which dropped from him, were a gambler, I contented myself, avoiding any conversation with him, the rest do as they pleased in regard to what I heard them call him Morford, and I learned that he came from a noble stock.

After we had drank a few glasses of beer, to "top off" with, a walk was made and Morford volunteered to show the some fun, was selected as pilot. The places were overmuch, but I would any whim of mine break up the party and went alone.

We visited various saloons on the other streets; and Morford, thinking got matters in the right track, started head of the party, for the faro room, Bk. one of the heaviest gamblers in the situated in Water street, gambled in a short distance below the bar, and a succession of screams, cries, and row, fell upon our ears. As he was from the brick buildings, we were in making an entrance there, we witnessed one of the most curious scenes that man can ever look upon.

Two frail women were engaged in a fight, while other brutes in the men and women, were vociferously beating. The scene did not last long, Morford, with a cry of horror, sprang, and dashing the combatants apart, ran one to ward him.

"Good Heavens! Pauline," he exclaimed, in a voice of agony.

"Yes, Henry," replied the girl, "the evidence of intoxication, and madness to his heart by turning away, thought I'd finish the work."

"She never finished the sentence," had commenced.

With a wild cry of despair, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and would be spoken of, a hand interfered, her brains bespattered near where she stood. And while he report echoed in the room, and the smoke rose over her body, the crowd, like a second wind, of his eye, and coolly saying "don't mind it, mind go with me!"—he led the corpse beside the body of the victim.

It turned out to be true that the sister, and this was the first time had of her having, like herself, from the path of honor and virtue.

Our fun was over for that night, went back to our quarters, and a denuded set of men. None of us thought that tragedy while the life was in the room.

THE SQUIRE AND HIS WIFE. I had a friend to visit him on his way very much amused to be met by his wife, who came to see him, wanted for dinner.

"Go away! let us alone!" he replied.

"There are none to-day," replied the Squire.

"No more! What in the name of the vegetables then? You have the vegetables brought?"

"You didn't order any vegetables?"

"Order—I didn't order any for the amazed Squire."

"You forgot," coolly answered his wife. "I asked what we should you said 'Let us alone!' How the friend burst into a laugh. The Squire, after looking lurid and moment joined him.

"Wife, I give it up. I owe you is the fifty dollars you wanted for, which I denied you? The answer. 'Now, let's have peace—no more!'"

The good woman prosketed the bell, and a sumptuous repast of poultry and vegetables was brought. A few days afterward the Squire worked in his garden as the usual ten hour. His wife of delay, and went to find him when she asked what he was doing, she threw her into a flutter of emotion.

"Some one's to come to supper," she exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me, you are the provoking one!"

And without asking what was expected, she hastened to dress and "slip up" her hair in confusion. This done she came out, the Squire seated at the table, read the paper.

"Where's your company?"

"My company? I haven't any."

"But you said you expected supper?" exclaimed the indignation.

"My dear, I said no such thing. I asked me what I was waiting for."

"Summoned to come to supper—said I was waiting for my wife to come at once."

"And you have made me go to my dress! Oh, I'll pay you for it!"

"No matter about it, my dear, remember, for that lettuce!"

An American traveller in a box of valuable cigars, under a false rattlesnake on the top. The officials did not wish to investigate.

The Bath Times says that the or the country, like the duck milk, are lying around kind of

FACTORY in the way to a loss in money or principle. If you do not feed for their wife in a growing case. If you wonder the same place where. If you do not, it is dandy to time ago, special in week, all replied to ed out a uation. character that it was his favor that's to please you me. The B purchase put it up broken. Mr. Tu in that to a load of Mrs. S. was recent robbed of Mr. G. died very Dr. H. a ton soon profession Import the list of acceptance titled to e ence to the tor, one is B.D.Y." for Bronchial At. GONN's celebratory fact remed Partial a Dance, C Head Ash chief of all. If our fr that for al have been all, in pla mean told the pump and agent far they e ment. BRID CORRECT Round Ho Flour, \$6 Corn, Rye, Oats, Beef, 4 C Pork, Hams, Shoulders Bacon chas Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Hay, \$1 In South what of t In Brid Smith, ag. CU Agricul The Th CUMBERLA BR We O Octob Annual A ening at sov of New Glo Annual t two o'clock, and Swine, day. Show of Oxen, TI Exhibition Agricultural Wednesday Town Hall. All o'clock, We may be ente ing. Exhibitors their anima New Glas

FACTS FOR FARMERS. If you invest money in tools, and then leave them exposed to the weather, it is the same as loaning money to a spendthrift without security—a dead loss in such cases.

If you invest money in books, and never read them, it is the same as putting your money in a bank, but never drawing either principal or interest.

If you invest money in fine stock, and do not feed and protect them, and properly care for them, it is the same as dressing your wife in silk to do kitchen work.

If you invest your money in choice fruits, and do not guard and give them a chance to grow and prove their value, it is the same as putting a good hand into the field with poor tools to work with.

If you invest your money in a good farm, and do not cultivate it well, it is the same as marrying a good wife, and so abusing and neglecting her as to crush her energies and break her heart.

If you invest your money in a fine house, and do not so cultivate your mind and taste as to adorn it with intelligence and refinement, it is as if you were broadcloth and a silk, but to mill.

If you invest your money in fine clothes, and do not wear them with dignity and ease, it is as if a plowman were to sit at a jeweler's table to make and adjust hair springs.

If you invest your money in strong drink, it is the same as turning hungry hogs into a growing cornfield—ruin will follow in both cases.

If you invest your money in every new wonder that flaming circulars proclaim, it is the same as buying tickets at a lottery office where there are ten blanks to a prize.

If you invest your money in the "last novel," it is the same as employing a tailor's ready to dig your potatoes.—[Valley Farm.]

Now at Home. A fashionable lady, some time ago, engaged a foot-boy, and gave some instructions that, two days in the week, all inquiries respecting her should be replied to by "not at home." The boy turned out a thief, so that before the term, who answered to him that he must quit his situation. On this he refused to her for a character, which she refused, on the ground that it was impossible to say anything in his favor. "Well, lady," quoth the archer, "that's no bid; many a lie I've told to please you; you might tell one to please me."

The Baptist Society of Yarmouth, have purchased a new bell for their church and put it up in place of the old one, which was worn.

Mr. Tustin Wood, of Wintrop, was killed in a riot town on Wednesday, by falling from a ladder of bricks and being run over.

Mr. Sarah Leighton's house, in Pembroke, was recently broken into in her absence, and about of nearly \$100 in money.

Mr. George N. Cole, a merchant of Calais, was suddenly in Boston on Monday.

DENTISTRY.
DR. BASKELL may be expected at Bridgeport to attend upon them who wish his professional service. tf48

Important Remedies.—If there is in the list of remedies given to the world for consumption and all other pulmonary diseases, one is the "UNIVERSAL COUGH REMEDY," the every species of Lung, Throat and Bronchial Affections, even that of "ACTUAL CONSUMPTION," and the other, justly celebrated TOLU AND DYNE, a most powerful remedy for Scrophulous Gout, Rheumatism, Paralysis and Arterial Paralysis, St. Vitus Dance, Chronic Spasmodic and Nervous Head Ache, Tooth Ache, Ear Ache, and that class of all cases of disease, LOSS OF SLEEP. If our friends will accept the declaration that for six or eight years these preparations have been through tests that would satisfy all in place of seeking declarations that such and such a remedy would cure such and such a disease, they will be able to judge of how they can be relied on. See advertisement. 4w46

BRIDGTON PRICES CURRENT.
QUARTERLY WEEKLY FOR THE REPORTER.

Woolskins, 50 to 75	Wool, 25 to 30
Beans, 1 33 to 1 37	Wool, 25 to 30
Apples, bus, 20 to 42	Wool, 25 to 30
Apples, bl, 75 to 1 50	Wool, 25 to 30
Dried Apples, 7 to 10	Wool, 25 to 30
Turkeys, 8 to 10	Wool, 25 to 30
Chickens, 8 to 10	Wool, 25 to 30
Wood, 1 50 to 2 00	Wool, 25 to 30
Bark, 4 to 5	Wool, 25 to 30
Northern Clover, 22	Wool, 25 to 30
Red Top, 1 to 1 40	Wool, 25 to 30
Herds Grass, 4 to 10	Wool, 25 to 30
Potatoes, 25 to 30	Wool, 25 to 30
Wool, 25 to 30	Wool, 25 to 30

DEATHS.
In South Bridgton, Sept. 30th, Mrs. Sarah, widow of the late Gen. John Parley, aged 78.

In Bridgton, Sept. 29th, Mr. Daniel W. Smith, aged 22.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY Agricultural and Horticultural SOCIETY.
The Thirtieth Annual Exhibition

—OF THE—
CUMBERLAND AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

WILL BE HELD AT
BRIDGTON.

Wednesday and Thursday,
October 17 and 18, 1860.

Address will be, Wednesday Evening at seven o'clock, by Rev. F. FRANK, New Gloucester.

Annual meeting of Society, Thursday at 10 o'clock, afternoon. Show of Cattle, Sheep, Horses, and Poultry, on Wednesday.

Show of Horses and trial of Strength on Thursday.

Exhibition of Manufactured Articles and Agricultural Products will be opened on Wednesday afternoon and Thursday at the Fair Grounds.

All entries must be made by ten o'clock, Wednesday, except Horses, which may be entered previous to Thursday morning.

Exhibitors must come prepared to fasten their animals.

SWELL N. GROSS, Secretary, New Gloucester, Sept. 29, 1860. 47m

WHOLESALE RUBBER STORE.
The attention of Dealers is called to our large stock of
RUBBERS!
which we offer at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES for cash. Our sales are so large as to give us the

Best Facilities for Buying.
We have on hand a large supply of some of the leading kinds, purchased before the advance in price, which we are selling at a larger discount than is given at the Boston Agencies. We have, as usual, a large and superior stock of

Boots, Shoes, and Shoe Stock, suited to the Maine trade, and feel sure that we can make it for the advantage of purchasers to examine it.

BREED & TUKEY,
No. 50 Union Street, Portland, Me. 3m27

BYRON GREENOUGH & CO.,
HAT, CAP & FUR WAREHOUSE,
Portland, Me. Established in 1821.

WE beg to call your attention to our Fall and Winter Goods!

as comprising the largest and best selected Stock we ever offered.

HATS. Our superior advantages of manufacturing, and contracting with leading manufacturers, enable us at all times to offer one of the most complete assortments of those goods, to be found in any Jobbing House in New England.

CAPS. In Fur, Plush, Cloth, Glazed, &c., &c., in great variety of styles for Fall and Winter Wear. Price from \$3 to \$72 per dozen.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS. In this department, our Stock is unequalled, consisting of Hudson Bay, Swedish and American Sables, Stone Martins, Fitch, River Sable, Siberian Squirrel, &c., &c., in Cloaks, Capes, Mantillas, Victorine Boas, Muffs, Cuffs, &c. Ladies Fur Hoods, Gloves and Mittens, any particular style made to order, and old Furs altered and repaired; Gentlemen's Wolf Coat, Grey Fox and Buffalo Coats; Otter, Beaver and Nutria Collars, Caps, Gloves and Mittens.

SLIGHT ROBES. Wolf, Coon, Grey Fox, Genet and Centre Robes, Shawls and Fancy Blankets. These Goods are of our own manufacture—of superior quality, size, style, &c.

FURFALO ROBES. By the bale, at New York and Boston prices.

It is our endeavor to offer to Purchasers, the most complete assortment of the above goods, ever presented by any House in the trade.

We take this time to thank our Customers for their patronage and to solicit its continuance; and to those who have not been accustomed to buy of us, we shall be happy to show our goods in comparison with any.

We hope to have the pleasure of seeing you when in our City, or to receive your Orders, which shall have our personal attention.

BYRON GREENOUGH & CO.,
Nos. 148 & 150 Middle Street, Portland, Sept. 28. 3m47

DIMOND OIL CO.,
13 Market Square, PORTLAND, ME.

THE DIMOND OIL is a Pure, Safe and Odorless article, warranted to burn in any of the Kerosene Lamps. Will burn ten per cent longer than any other Oil.

BURNING FLUID, CHANDELIERS, LAMPS, &c., at Wholesale and Retail.

Old Lamps altered to burn Dimond Oil. Sept. 22. 6m46

Safety Burning Oil,
TO BURN IN FLUID LAMPS.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age,
THE SAFETY BURNING OIL will burn in Fluid Lamps without any alteration whatever. It is utterly innoxious, and may be used with the most perfect confidence.

Also, for sale, **WATER OIL.**

To Burn in Kerosene Lamps
Manufactured and for sale Wholesale and Retail by the

WATER OIL COMPANY,
NO. 208 FINE STREET, PORTLAND, Me. 45

BRIDGTON HOUSE,
BRIDGTON, Maine,

KEPT BY
MIAL DAVIS & SON.

This House is entirely refitted and furnished in the most approved style; and the Proprietors respectfully solicit a renewal of patronage so generously bestowed in former years.

Sept. 14. tf45

\$1200 A YEAR made by any one with enough included to retail for \$150. With activity this amount may be realized in two weeks' time. The only reliable source for these Tools is at Fullam's American Stencil Tool Works, the largest and only permanent Manufacturing in the World, located at Springfield, Vt. Salesrooms 212 Broadway, New York, 13 Merchants Exchange, Boston, and Springfield, Vt. A beautiful photograph of the American Stencil Tool Works, sent on receipt of 25 cents. These works command the exclusive and entire control of the whole River, at all seasons, and the machinery for manufacturing Stencil Tools is driven by a water wheel of seventy-five horse power, affording immense and unlimited advantages, which no other concern can pretend to claim. The \$10 outfit is for cutting small name plates and business cards. Tools for cutting large work of all sizes furnished for \$25.—No experience is necessary in using any of these Tools. Do not fail to send for samples and circular. And if you buy Stencil Tools, be sure to get Fullam's, as they are universally known to be the only perfect cutting Tools made. Address or apply to

A. J. FULLAM,
Springfield, Vt., 13 Merchants Exchange, Boston, or 212 Broadway, New York. 42

E. E. WILDER,
HARNESS MAKER AND CARRIAGE

WHEELS & CO.
Harnesses, Carriage Trimmings, Halters, Saddles, Bridles, Horse Blankets, Whips, &c., constantly on hand and for sale.

Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1859. *1y1

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONARY, of all kinds at

BALLS.

BALLS.

BALLS.

BALLS.

BALLS.

BALLS.

BALLS.

GOOD BARGAINS!
It is Positively So!
WISHING to close our business in this vicinity the present season, we now offer our STOCK OF GOODS, consisting of
BONNETS, HATS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, GLOVES, MITTS, HOSIERY, EMBROIDERIES, HEAD DRESSES, ELKS, FANS, HOOP-SKIRTS, Also, DRESS TRIMMINGS & BUTTONS, and a great variety of other things usually found in Millinery Shops, all of which we will sell for **THIRTY DAYS**

AT COST--For Cash!
Those wishing a **GOOD BARGAIN** for a **LITTLE MONEY**, will please call early.

Don't forget the place, under Temperance Hall.

D. E. & M. E. BARKER,
Bridgton Center, Me.

P. S. Persons indebted will oblige us by calling and paying the same. 36

NEW STOCK!

F. B. & J. H. CASWELL
Would call the attention of those wishing to purchase to their new and well selected Stock of

WATCHES

JEWELRY!
—Consisting of—

Hunting and Open Faced LEVERS, LADIES GOLD & SILVER WATCHES, Ladies Watch and Neck Chains, Gents Vest Chains, Ladies and Gents

Breast Pins, Belt Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Shirt Stuffs, Lockets, Bracelets, Silver Trinkets.

A larger and better Stock than ever before offered in this place.

SILVER AND PLATED SPOONS.
A large stock of Silver, Plated and Steel

SPECTACLES!
CLOCKS, A large variety. Also,

Gilt Picture Frames, all sizes made to order.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY REPAIRED.

FRANCIS B. CASWELL,
JOHN H. CASWELL.
Bridgton Center, May 10, 1860. 27

HOOD'S LINIMENT for sale at Hayden's

ESSENTIAL OILS, for sale at Hayden's

GENUINE LONDON PORTER, at Hayden's

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, at Hayden's

BEST COGNAC, for sale at Hayden's

CANARY SEED for sale at Hayden's

BAY RUM, for sale at Hayden's

WHITES PULMONARY ELIXIR, for sale at Hayden's

FLY PAPER, for sale at Hayden's

HERRICK'S MEDICINE, at Hayden's

PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, for sale at Hayden's

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS, at Hayden's

DYE STUFFS, for sale at Hayden's

BATH OF BEAUTY, for removing Tan, Freckles and beautifying the Skin for sale at Hayden's

BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS, and excellent Cosmetic, for sale at Hayden's

AYER'S COUGH PECTORAL, at Hayden's

SWEET'S LINIMENT, for sale at Hayden's

GRAPE BRANDY, for sale at Hayden's

OPORTO WINE, for sale by S. M. HAYDEN, Bridgton, July 20, 1860 37

Dissolution of Copartnership.
THE copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, is by mutual consent, this day dissolved. All business of the firm will be adjusted by the senior partner.

J. D. WOODBURY.

J. F. WOODBURY will continue to carry on the business as heretofore, at the old stand. 42

J. F. WOODBURY,
Manufacturer of
FURNITURE, BEDSTADS, &c.
PLANING, SAWING, &c.

Done at short notice, and with dispatch.

JOBBOING
attended to with promptness and dispatch

Please give us a call. 42

Shop next door to Adams & Walker's Store.

BRIDGTON CENTER. 42

J. P. WEBB, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.

REFERENCES.
Prof. Frank H. Hamilton, M. D. Brooklyn, N. Y.
S. C. Hunking, M. D., Windham.
S. H. Tewksbury, M. D., Portland.
W. R. Richardson, M. D., Portland.
W. W. Green, M. D., Gray. 42

FOR SALE.
In Bridgton Center a **COTTAGE HOUSE** containing seven Rooms, in very good repair, for further particulars apply to E. T. STEWART, or Mrs. R. P. PERKINS, on the premises. 42*6w

10 LET.
A VERY convenient tenement over the store of R. B. Ball. Apply on the premises.

A NEW LOT of Boots, Shoes and Umbrellas for sale by DIXEY STONE & SON.

FLOUR! Choice brands selling low at BALL'S.

BUCK WHEAT AND FLOUR. A fresh lot just received by HANSON & HILTON.

ORANGES AND LEMONS! A splendid lot just received at BALL'S.

PROGRAMMES AND TICKETS.
THE Bridgton Reporter Office has facilities for furnishing Programmes and Tickets for Concerts, &c., at low prices.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.
SITUATED IN BRIDGTON CENTER, VILLAGE. The Stand recently occupied by Dr. JOSEPH M. BLAKE, consisting of a conveniently arranged
HOUSE, WOODSHED, STABLE, and about Twelve Acres of Good Land. The Land is inclosed by permanent stone walls; a never failing fountain supplies the house, and a well supplies the stable with excellent water. For terms apply to
MRS. H. F. BLAKE of Naples, or to T. S. PERLEY, at Bridgton. February 16, 1860. 15tr

MRS. L. E. GRISWOLD
WOULD respectfully invite the attention of the Ladies to her NEW and SPLENDID assortment of the latest and most fashionable styles of

MILLINERY
AND
FAMILY GOODS,
—consisting of—

HATS, BONNETS, BONNET SILKS, AND RIBBONS!

French and American Flowers, Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, DRESS TRIMMINGS, &c.

Bonnets and Hats Bleached & Pressed, Rooms opposite L. Billings' Store. Bridgton Center, April 13, 1860. tf23

A CHANGE OF THE SEASON,
PRODUCES A CHANGE IN THE

Wants of the People!

WE have just returned from market with

A NEW STOCK
OF
SPRING & SUMMER GOODS!

Something New,
Consisting of all the different varieties of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS!
SHAWLS, PARASOLS, FANS,

Gloves and Hosiery,
HOOP SKIRTS, &c. &c.

BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
DOESKINS, CASHMERETS,

ERMINETS, AND
SUMMER STUFFS Generally.

Also—A large assortment of
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
CROCKERY AND HARDWARE!

We also have a GOOD STOCK of

GROCERIES,
PAINTS AND OIL, &c. &c.

Intending to keep on hand a full supply of ALL KINDS of GOODS usually wanted, we hope by attention to the wants of our customers, and fair dealing, to retain our share of the public patronage.

DIXEY STONE, & SON,
Bridgton, May 3, 1860. tf 26

MAKE ROOM FOR US,
AND
Our New Goods,
FRESH FROM MARKET,

THIS WEEK.
CALL AND SEE!

A. & R. H. DAVIS.
Bridgton, May 1, 1860. tf28

ARTISTS SUPPLY STORE
No. 69 Exchange Street, Portland, Me.,

R. J. D. LARRABEE
Wholesale and Retail dealer in

FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ENGRAVINGS, PICTURE FRAMES, LOOKING GLASSES, &c. GILT AND ROSEWOOD FRAMES,

of all sizes, both oval and square, always on hand, and made to order. Directions and materials for the Green Paints, &c., with 3 engravings furnished for \$5.00. A pattern of GILT AND ROSEWOOD Mouldings, Also, New and Standard Sheet MUSIC ly 2

MANHOOD,
HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.
Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope, A LECTURE ON THE NATURE, PREVENTION AND RADICAL CURE OF SPERMATORRHOEA, or Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, Nervousness, and Involuntary Emissions, producing Impotency, Consumption and Mental and Physical Debility.

By ROB. J. CULVERWELL, M. D.

The important fact that the awful consequences of self abuse may be effectually removed without internal Medicines or the dangerous applications of caustics, instruments, medicated bougies, and other empirical devices, is here clearly demonstrated, and the entirely new and highly successful treatment, as adopted by the celebrated author fully explained, by means of which every one is enabled to cure himself, and at the least possible cost, thereby avoiding all the advertised nostrums of the day.

This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.

Sent under seal to any address, post paid on receipt of two postage stamps, by address Dr. CH. J. C. KLINE, 480 First Avenue, New York, Post Box 4386. 1y6

A. H. WALKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
41 FRYBURG ME. 6m

BURNETT'S TOILET ARTICLES, for sale at HAYDEN'S 33

SAM'L ADLAM, JR.,
—DEALER IN—
PARLOR, CHAMBER
—AND—
PLAIN FURNITURE,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

CHINA, CROCKERY AND Glass Ware,
BRITANNIA WARE, TABLE CUTLERY, PLATED WARE,
And a general assortment of

House FURNISHING Goods

The attention of purchasers is invited to the large stock of **HOUSE KEEPING GOODS** now in Store as above, comprising as it does nearly every article usually needed in the FURNITURE AND CROCKERY department. Being one of the largest stocks in the State, purchasers can find almost any variety of rich, medium and low priced Goods, suited to their different wants.

Those commencing House keeping can obtain a complete outfit at this establishment, without the trouble and loss of time usually attending a selection of this kind; and the subscriber is confident that, combining as he does the various branches of the House furnishing business, he can offer goods at prices which will not fail of proving satisfactory on examination.

138 and 140 Middle Street,
Bridgton, May 17, 1860. tf36

DRESS GOODS,
PARASOLS,
AND
SHAWLS,
And a great variety of

Goods,
adapted to the season, at

A. & R. H. DAVIS'S.
Bridgton, May 17, 1860. tf28

Congress Street,
368.

The subscriber is pleased to be able to inform the citizens of Portland and vicinity, that he has returned to his former place of business.

No. 368 Congress Street,
and that he has now increased facilities for filling all orders for

FURNITURE!
Of Every kind and Description.

Also, Furniture of all classes repaired with neatness and dispatch.

SOFAS, CHAIRS, LOUNGES, BEDSTADS, MATTRESSES AND SPRING BEDS,

of every kind constantly on hand and for sale at the lowest figure

PARLOR-SETS re-made in every variety of goods.

Also, **CHAMBER SETS** repainted in every style.

Grateful for former patronage, he hopes by strict and personal attention to business to merit a share of orders in his line.

JOHN H. SHERBURNE,
368 Congress Street, Portland.

Refer to Wm. Chase, S. P. Shaw, N. A. Foster. Jy13/36

MARKETT, POOR & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CARPETINGS,
Paper Hangings,
Feathers, Mattresses,

UPHOLSTERY GOODS.
85 & 87 Middle St., (up Stairs,) PORTLAND, ME. 26

Chase, Littlefield & Co.
(Successors to Chase, Woodbury & Co.)

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
HARD WARE

MISCELLANY.

From the Portland Evening Courier.
THE COLLIER'S BRIDAL.

BY LEAH LEE.

A crew of miners delving deep,
Where sun-rays never stole,
Came suddenly upon a corpse
Embedded in the coal.

A stalwart, comely youth, with health
All seemingly as rife,
As it had been an hour ago,
Instinct with mortal life.

The face betokened calm repose,—
The forehead smooth and fair,
Was crowned with raven masses of
Rich and abundant hair.

Yet though so life-like it appeared,
Still, not a collar knew
Of miner in that section lost,
From any former crew.

They bore him to the upper air,
And laid him on the ground,
And summoned neighbors to the spot,
From all the district round.

Spectators gazed in silent awe,—
They wist not what to say:
Each other asked, "who could have been
That unknown, life-like clay?"

While speculating of his fate,
His country, name and kin,
A woman old, grey, wrinkled, who
Bedridden long had been;

On crutch and cane came hobbling forth,
To whom the crowd gave way,
And feebly dragged herself along
To where the dead man lay.

And O! such sobs burst from her lips,
And from her eyes such tears,
As had been strangers to them both,
For long and weary years,

"O! Sandy, dear, O! woe is me,
That I should see the day,
Your looks should be so thick and black,
While mine were thin and grey."

So smooth your forehead,—plump your cheeks,
And ruddy with the tan
Of forty years ago, while mine,
Are wrinkled, shrunk and wan.

Your sinewy limbs, so firmly knit,—
Your form so straight and trim,
While I am bowed with weight of years,
And palsied in each limb.

I had a dream,—a frightful dream,
Of coal-pits caving in,
Though not a worker of these mines
Suspected such a thing.

My boiling fears I told to you,
At which you only laughed,
And said that never accident,
Had happened in this shaft.

With tears I begged you not to go,
And leave me all forlorn,
For I your wife was to have been,
Upon that morrow morn.

I named disfigurement; my tears
With kisses you did hide,
And said, "unseemly I will return,
To claim my bonny bride."

To such a wedding as we'll have,
Miner has seldom come;
No miner's bride shall dress like mine,
Or have a cozier home.

The miners, on my wedding day
Have promised not to work,
But, in their best, to come in pairs,
And meet us at the kirk."

O! Sandy, dear, woe's the day,
That these old eyes should see,
Such literal fulfillment of
That boastful prophecy.

(While yet she spoke, a change came o'er
That face so strangely fair,
The features shrunk and shrivelled by
Exposure to the air.)

O! Sandy, dear, through all these years,
My heart remained true;
It never felt a touch of love
For any man, save you.

It still is yours: all finite change,
Such love as mine can bide,"
She ceased, and lo! that crumpling corpse,
Another lay beside.

"Mong those rough colliers, may a heart,
With gentle pity bled,
And scarce an eye looked on that scene,
That had no tear to shed.

All reverently buried were
Those lovers, side by side:
She of three-score with him who in
His youthful beauty died.

Alas! such love in winding sheets,
To find its nuptial bed,
Its bridal dress, a shroud, its home
Roofed by a coffin lid.

Your character cannot be essentially
injured except by your own acts. If any one
speaks evil of you, let your life be so that
none will believe him.

A speaker at a stump meeting out West,
declared that he knew no east, no west, no
north, no south. "Then," said a tipsy by-
stander, "you ought to go to school and learn
your geography."

A short time ago, a man became so com-
pletely "wrapped in thought," that he was
tied up, labelled, and sent off on a "train of
ideas."

He who says that there is no such thing as
an honest man, you may be sure is himself
a knave.—[Bishop Berkeley.

"Love," says Jean Paul, "may sometimes
slumber in a maiden's heart, but it always
dreams."

Prentice thinks it is a good thing to be
above board, but oftentimes a pretty bad
thing to be overboard.

"I have a fresh cold," said a gentleman to
his acquaintance. "Why do you have a
fresh one? Why don't you have it cured?"

A man of a philosophical temperament
resembles a cucumber—for although he may
be completely cut up, he still remains cool.

"Mary," asked Charles, "what animal drop-
ped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear,"
was the whispered reply.

Men often blush to hear what they are
not ashamed to feel.

MORFAT'S

Life Pills and Phoenix Bitters.

THESE MEDICINES have now been be-
lieved by the public for a period of THIRTY
YEARS, and during that time have maintain-
ed a high character in almost every part of
the globe, for their extraordinary and im-
mediate power of restoring perfect health to
persons suffering under nearly every kind of
disease to which the human frame is liable.

The following are among the distressing
varieties of human diseases in which they

VEGETABLE LIFE MEDICINES
Are well known to be infallible.

DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the
first and second stomachs, and creating a
flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the
stale and acrid kind. **PLATENCY**, Loss of
Appetite, Headaches, Headache, Restless-
ness, Indigestion, Anxiety, Langor, and
Melancholy, which are the general symp-
toms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natu-
ral consequence of its cure.

CONSTIVENESS, by cleansing the whole
length of the intestines with a soft pro-
cess, and without violence, all violent pur-
ges leave the bowels costive within two days.

FEVERS of all kinds, by restoring the
blood to a regular circulation, through the
process of respiration in such cases, and the
thorough solution of all intestinal obstruc-
tion in others.

The LIFE MEDICINES have been known to
cure **RHEUMATISM** permanently in three
weeks, and **GOUT** in half that time, by re-
moving local inflammation from the muscles
and ligaments of the joints.

DROPSIES of all kinds, by freeing and
strengthening the kidneys and bladder, they
operate most delightfully on these impor-
tant organs, and hence have ever been found a
certain remedy for the worst cases of GRAV-
EL.

Also WORMS, by dislodging from the turn-
ings of the bowels the slimy matter to which
these creatures adhere.

**SCURVY, ULCERS and INVETERATE
SORES**, by the perfect purity which these
LIFE MEDICINES give to the blood, and all
the humors.

SCORBUTIC ERUPTIONS, and **BAD
COMPLEXIONS**, by their alternate effect up-
on the fluids that feed the skin, and the mor-
bid state of which occasions all eruptive com-
plaints, scallow, cloudy, and other disagree-
able complexions.

The use of these Pills for a very short time
will effect an entire cure of **SALT RHEUM**,
and a striking improvement in the clearness
of the skin. **COMMON COLDS and INFLU-
ENZA** will always be cured by one dose, or
by two in the worst cases.

PILES.—The original proprietors of these
Medicines, was cured of Piles of 35 years
standing by the use of the LIFE MEDICINES
alone.

FEVER and AGUE.—For this scourge of
the Western country, these Medicines will be
found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy.
Other medicines leave the system subject to
a return of the disease, a cure by these Medi-
cines is permanent. **TRY THEM, BE Satis-
fied, and BE CURED.**

**BILIOUS FEVERS and LIVER COM-
PLAINTS**.—General Debility, Loss of
Appetite and Diseases of FEMALES.—The
Medicines have been used with the most ben-
eficial results in "cases of this description."
KING'S EVIL, and SCROFULA, will find
these remedies the most powerful action of
these remarkable medicines. **NIGHT SWEATS,**
NERVOUS DEBILITY, NERVOUS COMPLAINTS
of all kinds, **PALPITATION of the HEART,**
PAINTERS' COLIC, are speedily cured.

MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Persons
whose constitutions have become impaired by
the injudicious use of Mercury, will find
these Medicines a perfect cure, as they never
fail to eradicate from the system, all the ef-
fects of Mercury, infinitely sooner than the
most powerful preparations of Sarsaparilla.
Prepared and sold by **W. B. MORFAT,**
338 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 39y1

Take Them and Live.
NEGLECT THEM AND DIE.



HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILL.
AND KID STRENGTHENING PILLS.
THESE UNPARALLELED REMEDIES have
been the common consent of mankind, been
placed at the head of all similar preparations.
Herrick's Vegetable Pills, in universal good-
ness, safety and certainty in the cure of the
various diseases of man, excel all others, and
their sale unquestionably is treble that of all
other kinds. In full doses they are active Cal-
ic, in smaller doses *Purify*, cleanse, in
all Bilious Complaints, Sick Head-
ache, Liver Diseases, Kidney Derangements,
Stomach Disorders, and Skin Affections, they
cure as if by magic. These Pills are purely
vegetable, can be taken at any time by old or
young, without change in employment or
diet. Mercury is a good medicine when prop-
erly used, but when compounded with other
ingredients it destroys, instead of benefiting
the patient. Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills
have never been known to produce sore mouth
and aching joints, as have some others.
Therefore, persons in want of a family Pill,
pleasant to take, certain to cure, and used by
millions, will certainly look for no other.—
these Pills are covered with a coating of
pure white sugar, no taste of medicine in
them, but are as easily taken as bits of con-
fectionery. **FAMILY BOXES, 25 CENTS,**
5 BOXES, \$1.

Herrick's Kid Strengthening Plaster.
These renowned Plasters cure pains, weak-
ness and distress in the back, sides & breast,
in five hours. Indeed, so certain are they to
do this, that the Proprietor warrants them.
Spread from resin, balsam and gum, or
beautiful Kid leather, renders these dis-
tinguished Plasters adapted to the wants of Females and of
children. Each plaster will wear from one to four
months, and in rheumatic complaints, sprains
and bruises, frequently effect cures, while all
other remedies failed. Full directions will
be found on the back of each. Public speakers,
vocalists, ministers of the Gospel and others,
will strengthen their lungs and im-
prove their voices by wearing them on the
breast. **PRICE 18 3/4 CENTS.**

Dr. Castle's Magnolia Catarrh Snuff
Has obtained an enviable reputation in the
cure of Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Wat-
ery and Inflamed Eyes, and all these dis-
agreeable noises, resembling the whizzing of
steam, distant waterfalls, etc., purely veg-
etables come with full directions, & delights
all that use it; as a sneezing snuff it cannot
be equalled. **BOXES 25 CENTS.**

HARVEL'S CONDITION POWDERS.
These old established Powders, so well
known at the Long Island Race Course, N.
Y., and sold in immense quantities through-
out the Middle and Eastern States for the past
seven years, continue to excel all other kinds;
in diseases of Horses and Cattle their ex-
cellence is acknowledged everywhere. They
contain nothing injurious, the animal can be
worked while feeding them; ample direc-
tions go with each package, and good horse-
men are invited to test their virtues and
judge of their goodness.

LARGE PACKAGE, 25 CENTS.
The above articles are sold by 27,000
agents throughout the United States, Cana-
da and South America, at wholesale by all
large Druggists in the principal cities.

HERRICK & BRO.,
Practical Chemists Albany, N. Y.
Sold in Bridgton by **S. M. Hayden.** 1y86

New Millinery Goods

D. E. & M. E. BARKER



WOULD respectfully call
the attention of the Ladies
of Bridgton and vicinity to a
choice selection of *Hats,*
*Blouses, and MILLINERY
GOODS.* Also, Gloves, Ho-
siery, Head Dresses, Vails,
choice RIBBONS, Stitches,
Blouses, Caps, Hoop Skirts,
and a variety of other arti-
cles which we would be pleased to show you
at any time you may favor us with a call.

Our goods are new and will be sold cheap
for Cash. **MILLINERY** in all its branch-
es will be carried on under our special direc-
tion. We would solicit as early a call as
convenient. A choice selection of

READY MADE AND TRIMMED HATS,
constantly kept on hand.

Call and examine our goods before pur-
chasing elsewhere, and by doing so save both
time and money.

BONNETS BLEACHED AND DRESSED.
Rooms under Temperance Hall,
25 BRIDGTON CENTER. 1f

G. H. BROWN,
Manufacturer, wholesale and retail dealer in

FURNITURE
of all descriptions.

**LOOKING GLASSES, MATTRESSES,
PICTURE FRAMES, FEATHERS,
CHAMBER SETTS.**

Extension, Center and Card Tables.
BEDSTEADS, of the latest and most im-
proved style, with Spring Bottoms.

Also, READY-MADE COFFINS.
PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.
LOOKING - GLASSES REPAIRED.
NORTH BRIDGTON, ME. 8

**DOORS,
Sashes, and Blinds.**

THE Subscriber has removed his Factory
to the **LARGE NEW SHOP** near the
Cornfield Mills, and having fitted up in
the best manner, is now prepared to supply
customers, or will make at short notice,
Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Door and Window
Frames, Mouldings of all sizes. House
Finish of any description, Pump-tub-
ing, and all the various kinds of

BUILDING MATERIAL
that can be advantageously prepared by his

We also Plane and Saw all kinds of Lum-
ber; Joint and Match Boards; Plane, Joint,
and Square Clapboards in the best manner.
Builders and others in want of such arti-
cles are invited to call and examine our
work. **I. S. HOPKINSON,**
Bridgton Center, Feb. 16, 1860. 3m*15

U. C. R. & T. A.
**HUNNEWELL'S
UNIVERSAL
COUGH REMEDY**

For all Throat and Lung Complaints, from
Common Coughs to Actual Consumption.

**HUNNEWELL'S
TOLU ANODYNE**
The Natural and Sure Remedy for all
NERVOUS COMPLAINTS

From Neuralgia through all cases where Op-
ium was ever used to that of Delirium Tre-
mens, and the common chief cause of Disease.

LOSS OF SLEEP.
The Great Central Active Principle of the
Tolu Anodyne is a true development of the
Original Natural Opium. In all cases where-
ever Opium has been used and its baneful ef-
fects witnessed, no remark of ours can ade-
quately compare the difference, and no de-
cision is equal to a trial. The Anodyne con-
tains not a particle of Opium, and the most
delicate constitution can use it with safety.

The perfectly natural state it keeps and
leaves the Patient should recommend it to
Physicians who have long sought the true de-
velopment, and to Patients who want natu-
ral results.

On the basis of the universal Cough Remedy
is that freedom from all components which
by the great error in compounding, produce
complete inerts, instead of real cures. We
place no restraint on its use every hour in
the day, and ask all Patients to make it the
natural enemy to all Coughs, Throat or Lung
Complaints by a perfect freedom of applica-
tion. For Inflamatory Sore Throat it is a
perfect Remedy, and for Whooping Cough
checks all the spasms and allows the Cough
to have its run in a quiet way.

With the spirit that we court all investiga-
tion, and readiness to answer all inquiries,
may we in return ask all to be cautious to
purchase only of those they can rely upon.
"Price within the reach of all."

GENERAL AGENTS
J. W. HUNNEWELL & CO.,
7 & 8 Commercial Wharf, Boston.

Geo. Hunnewell,
145 Water Street, New York.

Under the special supervision of JOHN L.
HUNNEWELL, Chemist and Pharmaci-
an, Boston, Mass., whose signature covers
the corks of the genuine only, and to whom
address all communications.

Sold by all respectable dealers everywhere.
S. M. HAYDEN, Bridgton; Silas Blake,
Bridgton; D. F. Noyes, Norway, Agents.—
H. F. Phillips, Portland; W. L. Alden & Co.,
Wagor, Wholesale Agents. 1y29

Pondicherry House.
THE subscriber would inform his
friends and the public that he is
ready to entertain, at the above
House, travellers in a good and
substantial manner, and for a rea-
sonable compensation. The Pondicherry
House is kept on strictly temperance prin-
ciples, and travellers will find it a quiet resting
place. My House is also fitted up for board-
ing, and all who see fit to take board with
me, will find a comfortable home.

I have also, good Hauling for Horses.
MARSHAL BACON.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 19, 1858. 2f

H. H. HAY & CO.,
Wholesale dealers in

**Drugs, Medicines, & Chemicals,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
Artists' Materials, Apothecaries' Glass Ware**
Sterilized Leeches, Cigars,

MINERAL TEETH, GOLD FOIL, &c
Burning Fluid and Camphene.
Pure Wines and Lignors, for Medicinal and
Mechanical purposes only.

STANDARD FAMILY MEDICINES, etc
Always at lowest market Prices.
Junction of Free and Middle Street.
PORTLAND, ME. 201f

MANSION HOUSE.

The subscribers having leased the
MANSION HOUSE, pleasantly situated
at Morrill's Corner, for a term of
years, have refitted and furnished
it in the best of style for the ac-
commodation of Pleasure Parties and others
from the city. They desire that their friends
and the public generally should favor them
with their visits, and no pains will be spared
to render their stay pleasant. The house
contains a

SPACIOUS HALL
for Dancing and Cotillon Parties, and its
close proximity to the city, will render it a
pleasant resort for sleigh-ride parties during
the winter.

Meals furnished at all hours, and good
conveyances to and from the city by railroad
and omnibus. **W. M. CUSHMAN & CO.**
Westbrook, Jan. 26, 1860. 112

HANSON & HILTON
Keep constantly on hand and for sale a good
assortment of

FAMILY GROCERIES,
such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Ap-
ples, Potatoes, Butter and Cheese.

Also, Corned and Fresh BEEF, MUTTON
and clear Northern PORK, packed in store.

Flour,
of the best brands for sale low for Cash, or
in exchange for Grain or Bacon Hams.

BEST CURED HAMS can be had at our
store for 10 cents per pound.

Wanted, all kinds of Produce, Wood,
Hops and Shooks, in exchange for Groc-
eries. Bridgton Center. 161f

**GRANT'S
COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.**
Original Establishment.

J. GRANT.
Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of
**COFFEE, SPICES, SALERATIS
AND CREAM TARTAR.**

New Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 13 and 15
UNION STREET, PORTLAND, ME.
Coffee and Spices put up for the trade, with
any address, in all variety of Packages, and
Warranted in every instance as represented.
Pea-Nuts, and Coffee Roasted and Ground
51 For the Trade, at short notice. 1y

All Goods entrusted at the owner's risk.
CARPETING!

English and American Carpetings
—LATEST STYLES—
In Velvets, Brussels, Three-Plys, Tapestry
Ingrain, Superfine and Stair!

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS;
all widths.

STRAW MATTINGS, RUGS, MATS, &c.
Gold Bordered Window Shades and Fixtures,
Drapery Materials of Damasks and Mus-
lins, Feathers and Mattresses, Bought
at Reduced Rates and will be
sold very Cheap for Cash.

EDWARD H. BURGIN.
FREE STREET CARPET WARE HOUSE
Chambers No. 1 and 2 Free Street Block,
OVER H. J. LIBBY & CO.'S,
1 PORTLAND, ME. 1f

BYRON GREENOUGH & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

**Fur Goods, Hats, Caps, Gloves,
BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES,**
NOS. 148 & 150 MIDDLE ST.,
PORTLAND, ME.

Horace Billings,
Commission Merchant,
—AND DEALER IN—
HIDES, LEATHER AND OIL,
No. 56 Elm, and 18 and 20 Friend Streets.
BOSTON.

ROBERT I. ROBISON,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
SPERM, WHALE, AND LARD OIL,
LOW FOR CASH.
No. 17, Exchange Street,
PORTLAND, ME. 11y

ASTHMA. For the INSTANT RELIEF
of this distressing complaint use
FENDT'S
BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES,
Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & CO.,
102 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.
Price, \$1 per box; sent free by post.
31 FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS. 6m

BURNHAM BROTHERS
**DAGUERRETYPE,
Ambrotype and Photograph**
ROOMS,
96 Middle Street, —PORTLAND.
J. U. P. Burnham, 42 T. R. Burnham

H. PACKARD,
NO. 61 EXCHANGE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME.

Offer for sale MISCELLANEOUS and
School Books,
—AND—
SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARIES
1y AND QUESTION BOOKS. 44

ENOCH KNIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BRIDGTON, ME.

Office—Over N. Cleaves's Store.

S. M. HARMON,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law.
BRIDGTON, MAINE. 1y

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE subscriber hereby gives
notice that he continues to
manufacture Boots & Shoes
of every description, at his
old stand at North Bridgton,
where may be found a general assortment of
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.
He also has the right, and manufactures
MITCHELL'S PATENT

Metalic Tip Boots and Shoes,
for the towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Naples
Waterford, Sweden, Lovell and Fryeburg
and will be happy to furnish those in want of
anything in his line.

Orders filled with as much dispatch as the
nature of the business will admit.
JAMES WEBB.
No. Bridgton, Nov. 10, 1858. 1f

Custom Work.
A. BENTON would an-
nounce to his former custom-
ers and the citizens of Bridg-
ton generally, that he has
recommenced making **CUS-
TOM WORK**, and is now ready to attend to
all orders in the line of

BOOT AND SHOEMAKING,
for either men, women or children.
Work respectfully solicited.
Bridgton Center, Sept. 2, 1859. 4y

RUFUS GIBBS,
Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of

BED BLANKETS
—AND—
FLANNELS,
SUCH AS

12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Superfine WITNEY
BLANKETS;
12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Witney BLANKETS;
12, 11 & 10-4 Witney " "
12, 11, 10 & 9-4 Swiss Blankets.

CRIB AND BERTH BLANKETS.
4-4 SHAKER AND DOMET FLANNELS.

Horse Blankets
—AND—
YANKEE BROADCLOTH.

Also, dealer in
Dry Goods,
WEST INDIA GOODS.

GROCERIES.
of every description
All kinds of **COUNTRY PRODUCE** wanted
in exchange for Goods.
CHAS. E. GIBBS, Agent.
Bridgton, Dec. 10, 1858. 115